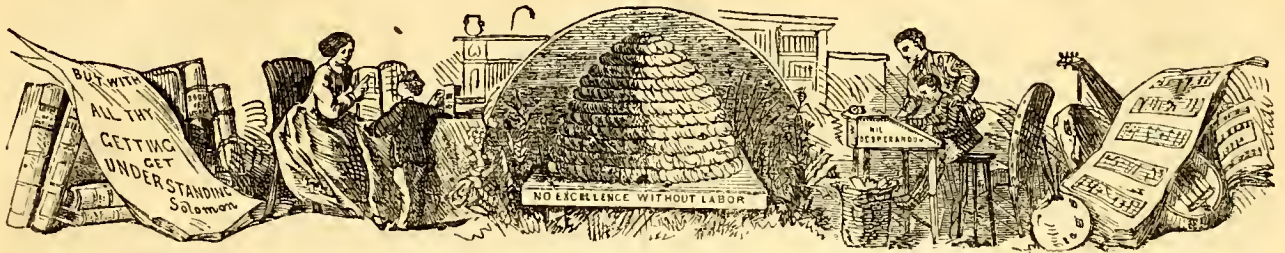


Holiness to the Lord!

The Juvenile Instructor



VOL. 5.

SALT LAKE CITY, SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1870.

NO. 16.

OUR MENAGERIE.

ONCE again we visit our menagerie, hoping that our trip to day will be as pleasant as on former occasions.

Stay, here is a pretty bird. Bright yellow, red and black adorn its tiny body. It is a European by birth, and a Yellow Hammer by name. Its food is grain, seeds and insects, its height about seven inches. And as knowing looking a little cherub as you could wish to see.

So, so. Our menagerie is adorned with a picture of a bear hunt. Quite a grand affair. We gave you a short account of the bear in our last visit, and this is the way he is sometimes killed. On the wholesale principle you may perhaps think. Come, if you have looked enough at the picture we will go to the next.

A Vulture: it has to be confined in a strong cage for it is very strong and very fierce. You can see how strong are his wings and talons, how piercing his eye. He would not be a very pleasant creature for a boy or girl to meet alone, without anything for protection.

Ah! here is a wolf, all alone devouring his prey; yes, and another worrying a sheep, putting us in mind of the fable of the Shepherd Boy and the wolf. But now for a sketch of the life of a wolf. In form it is very like a dog, but in disposition totally different. This they seem to know for they have a very strong dislike to each other.

A young dog shudders at the sight of a wolf. A dog that is stronger and knows his strength, bristles up at the sight, attacks him with courage, and strives to put him to flight.

The wolf is a very unsociable animal and a great coward. Even when they are seen together in packs, it is not a peaceful society, but a "ring", to plunder. The instant their expedition is completed they part and each one returns to his solitary den.

The old Prophets often referred in their prophecies to the wolf, and always as a violent, cruel and bloody animal. Ezekiel speaking of fallen Israel says, "Her princes are like ravening wolves;" Jacob prophesied that "Benjamin shall raven as a wolf." Habakkuk says of the Chaldees "Their horses are fiercer than evening wolves." Zephaniah, talking of the corrupt rulers of Israel, exclaims, "Her princes are lions, her judges, evening wolves." In the New Testament, unfaithful saints and persecutors of the Church are said to be "as greivous as wolves," whilst false teachers are styled "wolves in sheeps' clothing."

Now for one or two anecdotes of these savage creatures. The first one is very terrible; it took place in Russia. A woman there was one day riding with her three children in a sledge, when a pack of wolves came upon them. She

urged her horse to a gallop, and drove towards home with the utmost speed. She was not far from it, but the animals gained rapidly on her, and were on the point of rushing on to the sledge, when the poor frantic creature, to save her life and that of her other two children, cast one of the little ones to her bloodthirsty pursuers. But it was useless. The creatures stopped for a moment, devoured the poor child and again tore after the family. The mother not knowing what to do threw a second child to the ferocious beasts. The same results followed as before and in desperation or madness the woman sacrificed her last child to save her own life. Soon after the wretched mother reached home in safety. When she told the horrible tale of how she had parted with her three children to the famishing beasts, a peasant who stood by, took up an axe and with a blow cleft her skull in two; saying "a mother who would thus sacrifice her children for the preservation of her own life, was no longer fit to live." The man was committed to prison, but the emperor afterwards pardoned him.

Sometimes wolves have been tamed. In the summer of 1824 a carriage was occasionally seen in the streets of Munich, the capital of Bavaria, drawn by two enormous wolves. These had been caught by a Russian Merchant, when very young, in a wood near Wilna, and he had tamed them. They were very obedient, and had lost the ferocious aspect of the species.

There was a tame wolf in the Paris Menagerie as docile and sagacious as a dog, and very affectionate towards his master. After being in the menagerie about eighteen months the gentlemen who had brought him up went to see him. The wolf heard his voice among the crowd in the garden near the den, and being set at liberty manifested the most violent joy. Again his master left and his grief was extreme. After three years absence the master once more returned. It was evening and the den was shut up; yet the instant the man's voice was heard the faithful creature set up the most anxious cries. The door of the cage being opened, he rushed toward his friend, leaped on his shoulders, licked his face, and threatened to bite his keepers when they attempted to separate them. When the gentlemen left, he fell sick, and would not eat. When he recovered, he would form no new friendships and it was always dangerous for a stranger to go near him.

Next are two interesting little creatures, whom we described to you but a short time ago in the columns of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, so we need not do so again. We

will however tell you their name, that you may be able to refer to the page where the description is to be found. They are called the Agouti;

Here is a pet Tortoise. A creature who carries his house on his back, a warrior who never lays his armour aside, but when undisturbed is a very slow, quiet, inoffensive animal. It is a very long lived animal and very difficult to kill. Its motions are very slow and awkward, and its feelings far from acute. These creatures for the most part inhabit the warmer regions of the earth; they feed upon vegetable substances, they require but little food, and can even remain for months without taking any. In colder climates they pass the winter in a torpid state. Some of these creatures are said to have lived for two hundred years.

And last, here is a pretty little bird. We call it the Reed Warbler. A pleasant little songster, who enlivens the English and Dutch, in their far off homes in England and Holland. It frequents fens and marshy places and there in the abundance of rushes, builds its nest, which is composed of stalks of grass, moss and fibres, lined with fine grass. The eggs are, in color, a dirty blueish white, with many dark colored spots and veins. There is a hardy bird of this species which inhabits the Highlands of Scotland, and the still colder mountains of Spitzbergen, Lapland, Greenland and the Hudson Bay territory. It weighs but an ounce and a half, and is called the Snow-Bunting. Its nest is placed in the fissures of a mountain rock, and is composed of grass, with a layer of feathers inside, and yet another of the soft fur of the Arctic Fox.

Our visit is again ended, and we wish the little visitors to our Menagerie a pleasant good bye.

G. R.

[For the *Juvenile Instructor*.

Chemistry of Common Things.

TIN-STANNUM.

THIS metal is much used to cover iron. Thin sheets of iron are thoroughly cleansed and then dipped in molten tin which adheres to the surface on both sides; these sheets are called "tin." Tin is itself a very brilliant metal, somewhat resembling silver, it is not readily oxidized, or made rusty; for this reason it is very valuable to cover culinary vessels. Some kinds of tin, so called, are inferior to others in value; this arises from the tin used for coating the iron being impure. A very fine metal is used for making "tin-foil" for silvering looking glasses, and for other purposes in the arts.

Tin is not an abundant element; for which reason it commands high prices; it is found in Cornwall, Great Britain, where it has been worked for ages. It was known to the ancients who traded with the western parts of England for this article. It is made from Stannic oxide, a mineral that takes the name of "tin-stone"; one variety is called "wood-tin" on accounts of its resemblance to wood. It is also known as "stream tin" when found in small grains, or pebbles, which are fragments of tin-stone, rounded by the action of water in rolling.

Tin will become an object of much importance to us when we begin to develop iron considerably. There are other uses also besides covering iron, it is used for making plumbers solder, pewter, bronze and bell-metal. It is used also to make very brilliant scarlet dyes. It is thought

that the imperial purples so famous in the days of Tyre and other ancient cities, may have been produced by tin and gold solutions. If this is true they were acquainted with chemistry; or, they may have known other methods, of producing dyes the secret of which is lost.

A great deal could be said on this subject that would be instructive. There are modes of doing things that are the result of long continued experience. For many ages it has been the practice of goldsmiths to "pickle" articles of gold manufactured by them "to improve the color." Perhaps even now, with all the increased knowledge imparted by modern science, there are many who do not know the reason why gold is increased in beauty and color by "pickling."

It is entirely in consequence of chemical action, to explain which, first of all, the nature of an "alloy" may be explained. When two or more metals are melted together so as to combine and produce a homogeneous metal, it is called an "alloy". Thus there is "fine gold" which is an alloy of gold and copper, of all sorts of proportions, 22, 18, 12 carats &c., Now the jeweler, as the goldsmith is often called, wishes to make the 12 carats or even 6 carats, or less, *look equal* to the higher standard. To do this he puts the article to be improved in appearance into an acid that *will not dissolve gold*, but that will act upon the base metal in the alloy. Thus, a dilute solution of sulphuric acid will dissolve copper but will not act upon gold. The consequence is that *on the surface* pure gold is seen; and, although the alloy is eaten out like a honey comb the pores of the metal are too small to be seen. But, to produce the smooth surface necessary to deceive, the article is burnished over, with a proper tool, called a "burnisher." It is then finished off by the polisher and sent to market as "fine gold." This is the reason many "fine gold," rings lose their color when worn a little while; although, now a days alloys are prepared on truly scientific principles, that contain no gold at all!

Well, tin itself is not always pure, sometimes by design, and, less frequently by accident. It may contain copper, iron, or other impurities. This is the reason our tin vessels are often defective, and wear out so soon. Besides this the surface is frequently carelessly scratched, the iron is exposed to the atmosphere under circumstances, that are exceedingly unfavorable. For instance the vessel is frequently left in a wet condition. Immediately the exposed iron begins to rust (oxidize) and continues to do so with the inevitable result—a hole. Or, perhaps the tin vessel has a copper bottom "to make it wear well." This is no advantage and may be a disadvantage, for, if carelessly used, and the tin is worn away, decomposition takes place more rapidly and effectually by reason of the opposite states of the electricity of the two metals iron and copper: something more will be said upon this subject when electricity and galvanism engage our attention, especially to our young sisters, on this tin question. Culinary vessels not thoroughly cleansed, and dried before putting away do not last a fourth part of the time they would do. With care, a well tinued vessel will last many years. Some may scarcely credit this; suppose we all begin to try the experiment, we shall be surprised at the results!

BETH.

THE driver of a coal-cart anxiously enquired at several places for "the residence of Mr. James Nasium," after he had been directed to take a load of coal to the gymnasium.

"BEAUTY," says a French writer, "is all the virtue of some people, and virtue is all the beauty of others."

MISSIONARY SKETCHES.

THE adversary was not idle at Keanae. We had been very successful in baptizing the people. The Spirit had been poured out, and much good had been accomplished; but, no sooner had we gone to Lahaina, to meet the newly arrived Elders, than the enemy began his operations. After spending a few days in Lahaina, I returned to Kula and remained a short time there, I felt impressed to go from there to Keanae. Some of the native brethren wished me to stop till the end of the week, and they would accompany me; but I could not stop, I felt that I was needed for some cause at Keanae. My impressions were correct. The people of Keanae were in great trouble. They had been assailed by enemies from every side, and those who were weak in the faith were in perplexity. Some had turned away, not being able to withstand the pressure. The Presbyterian missionary of that district had been there, and had done all in his power to blacken our characters, to deride our doctrines and to persuade the people to forsake the church. Two Frenchmen, Catholic priests, had also been there, and they had done all in their power to frighten the people from the truth. Another Presbyterian missionary had sent one of his native preachers there for the same purpose. It seemed as if the devil had set all his agencies into operation to destroy the work of God, and they told all the lies that could be brought to bear against us. The French priest had said that we ought to be driven out of the place and off the Island, and had circulated many false reports about us. The Presbyterian missionary had visited the houses of the people, and had brought all his influence to bear upon them. Brother Keeler had been there a part of the time; but his want of the language troubled him greatly, as he had not acquired it sufficiently at the time to enable him to counteract these lies or to make full explanations concerning them. I learned that many of the Saints were doubting, and they had been praying to the Lord for me to return. This was the cause of my anxiety to get back. The Lord hears the prayers of those who pray to Him in faith, and hundreds of instances like this have occurred within my knowledge.

It is frequently the case that when Elders have been successful in baptizing the people, the devil exerts himself with increased power and cunning among them to destroy them. There are but few who have joined the church who have escaped temptations of this character; and no man knows the power of the devil as those do who have embraced the truth. It seems that those who are ignorant of the gospel and the power of God, never experience the opposite power like those do, who have been blessed of the Lord. Still they should not yield to his temptations, nor be entrapped by his snares.

The people who had been baptized at Keanae had known but little about the two influences of which we speak; but no sooner had they joined the church, than they were assailed and tempted in a way that they never had been previously. As a consequence of this, some fell away from the truth; but others became stronger in the faith, so long as I remained on the Island.

We had many excellent times at Keanae. While I was there, at the time of which I write, I went with the natives, men and women, to a creek about two miles distant, where fish were very plentiful. It was so curious that I think it may interest the readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR to read a description of it. The fishers gathered a quantity of plants, a shrub which is called by them *auhuhu*, and made two piles of them in the bed of the creek. The men and women surrounded these piles, each of them having a stick about five or six feet long. At a given

signal from one of the party, they commenced thrashing the brush. They were very dextrous in the use of this flail, turning the piles over and over and pounding them well, and never hitting each other. The pounding of the brush had the effect to stain the water all around, and to kill the fish, which soon floated on the surface in great numbers. Fish so caught are excellent eating. This shrub, though it kills the fish, is not injurious to man. It was one of the liveliest sights that I had ever seen, and was very picturesque. The women were adorned with garlands of green leaves, and had flowers entwined in their hair and around their bodies. Many of the men were stripped to the waist and also had garlands entwined around them. The swimming and diving of some of the women, surprised me; they appeared to be almost amphibious.

(To be continued.)

THE YOUNG LADIES' COLUMN.

Resolutions of the 14th Ward Young Ladies' Department, of the Ladies' Co-operative Retrenchment Association, Organized June 4, 1870.

Resolved: That, we, as members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, having great responsibilities resting upon us, and feeling grateful for the privileges we enjoy, as wives and daughters of Elders in Israel, do mutually agree to sustain each other in all good works.

Resolved: That, realizing the magnitude of the work in which we are engaged, and the importance of the position we occupy as daughters in Zion, we do consider it unbecoming in us, to pattern after the pride, folly and vanity of the world; and feeling that we have worshiped at the shrine of fashion too long, do solemnly pledge ourselves to retrench in our dress, and to wear only that which is becoming to women professing to be Saints.

Resolved: That, as Saints, being accountable to God for the use we make of the abilities and intelligence He has given us, we are determined to devote our time and talents in governing ourselves, storing our minds with useful knowledge, and improving every opportunity afforded us of qualifying ourselves to fill useful and honorable positions in the Kingdom of God.

Resolved: That, as President Young has repeatedly counseled us to let our garments be plain, and to cease following after the fashions of the world, we will co-operate together, both by precept and example, in carrying out his counsel, and doing everything required of us, that we may gain the approbation of our Heavenly Father, and the confidence of all good Saints.

MISS JULIA M. HORNE, President,	
MISS JENNIE SEAMAN,	} Counselors.
MISS HARRIET A. TAYLOR,	
MISS SOPHIA E. TAYLOR,	
MISS ANNIE M. TAYLOR,	
MRS. BULAH BEATIE,	
MISS GEORGIANNA FOX,	} Secretary.
MISS ISABELLA, PRATT,	

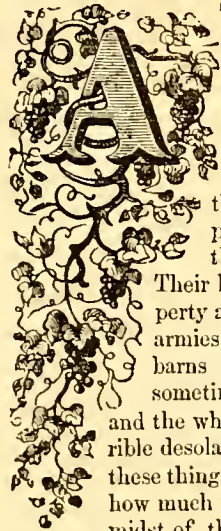
"MAMMA," said a child one Sunday evening, after having sat still in the house all day, like a good child, "have I honored you to-day?" "I don't know," replied the mother; "why do you ask?" "Because," said the little one, shaking her head sadly, "the Bible says, 'Honor thy father and mother, that thy days may be long;' and this has been, oh, the longest day I ever saw."

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON - - EDITOR.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1870.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



At the present writing a deadly war is raging between France and Prussia, and thousands upon thousands of men are being killed and wounded and crippled for life. How dreadful must be the scenes in the unhappy land where the battles are being fought! It is not only the soldiers who suffer, but the poor people who live in the country through which they pass endure shocking hardships. Their horses, cattle, fowls, grain and other property are frequently taken for the use of the armies, but this is not the worst; their houses, barns and buildings are often destroyed, and sometimes entire towns and villages are burned and the whole face of the land made a scene of horrible desolation. It fills one with sadness to think of these things, or to read the descriptions of them; but how much worse must it be to witness and be in the midst of them! No tongue can tell or pen describe the sufferings of the men, women and children who live in countries where such a war rages as is now being fought between France and Prussia. The young men of the two countries—the flower of the nations—are compelled to go into the armies and be soldiers and fight. They cannot refuse. The law is such in those countries that every able-bodied man must serve some time in the army, and when war breaks out all are liable to be called to fight. They may know nothing about the objects for which the war is fought, but this makes no difference. Their kings or their governments decide upon war, and the people must fight. What dreadful tyranny and cruelty to make men fight with and kill their fellow-men to please a king! Frenchmen fighting with and killing Prussians, and Prussians fighting with and killing Frenchmen, and yet it is not their own quarrel; they do not know one another, and never had any difficulty of their own; nevertheless they must try and cut each others' throats at the command of men who ought to be as fathers to them, but who are cruel tyrants!

When one army succeeds in cutting up and destroying another it is called a glorious victory. Thousands of young men lie in their blood, either silent in death, or groaning in anguish, because of their wounds. Each death, each wound, sends tears, misery and often life-long woe to some family and house. And all this because some king wants to obtain a great name, to be called a conqueror and to have the world talk about him! And yet they call themselves *Christians*, and say they are the followers of Christ, the Lord. How do you think they will feel when they stand before him to be judged of the deeds done in the body? The sins of which they have been guilty; the blood they have been the means of shedding and the sorrow and misery they have caused, will weigh them down, and they will shrink with terror from His presence.

We read the story not long since of an old general, Leopold, Prince of Anhalt, in Germany, who had been a soldier nearly all his life. He fought at the command of his king and not on his own account. He was a fierce old warrior; but he never

went into battle without imploring God's aid. On one occasion, towards the end of his life, he was in a place of great peril. The enemy was strongly fortified and in great numbers. It is said that before the battle commenced, he uncovered his head, and in the presence of the troops offered the following prayer: "Oh my God, help me yet this once. Let me not be disgraced in my old days. But if Thou wilt not help me, don't help those scoundrels, but leave us to try it out ourselves."

The other side also prayed probably to God to give them the victory, and thus the strange proceeding occurred of two armies about to fight each other, and both praying to the same God for victory and to help them whip the other! Is not such conduct ridiculous?

The Latter-day Saints have had the promise from the Lord that if they will be led by Him, they shall have peace. In the midst of His people there shall be no wars and contentions, and men who will not take their swords to fight against their neighbors will yet have to flee to Zion for safety. How thankful the children of Zion should be for the privileges they have.

It has been stated, that the rest of the world learned the use of tobacco from America. In 1492 Columbus, it is said, found the chiefs of Cuba smoking cigars; and Cortes, the Spaniard, and conqueror of Mexico, met with tobacco afterwards in that land. From America it was taken to Spain by the Spaniards, and about the year 1586, it was carried to England by Sir Francis Drake, and the colonists from Virginia of Sir Walter Raleigh. But amongst the Chinese and other Asiatic nations, the use of tobacco is said to be very ancient and many writers argue that it was known to them long before the discovery of America. The tobacco plant of Eastern Asia is quite different from the American species.

But why, you ask, write about tobacco for the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR? We wish our readers to know something about this plant and its wide-spread use. All nations nearly, where tobacco has been carried, have become smokers or chewers of tobacco, or have taken it in the form of snuff. Probably no article, excepting salt, is more extensively used by man. In the United States it is consumed in enormous quantities. In the States it is very rarely that you meet a man, or even a boy of any size, who does not use tobacco. Many attempts have been made at one time and another to check its use. King James of England, soon after it was brought to his country, opposed and wrote against it, and did all in his power to check its use. One of the Popes of Rome forbade it among Catholics. In Russia the man who first used it was punished for the first offense; and for the second was killed. The Sultans of Turkey and Persia used their influence against it. All these efforts were in vain. King James could not stop its use in England. The Pope could not prevent the Catholics from smoking and chewing. Severe laws in Russia had not the desired effect; and in Turkey and Persia the people have become the greatest smokers in the world.

The Lord has told us in the Word of Wisdom that

"Tobacco is not for the body, neither for the belly, and is not good for man; but is an herb for bruises and sick cattle, to be used with judgment and skill."

You would think that after the Lord has spoken so plainly about this, that no Latter-day Saint would ever chew, smoke or snuff it. But what do we see? Men who call themselves Saints using it freely. If you were to throw any doubts upon their faith in God, and in His holy religion, they would be offended; yet they use tobacco as though God had never spoken respecting it. This shows, very clearly how strong the habit of using tobacco is, when once formed; for if it were not so, the men who now use tobacco among the Latter-day Saints would immediately throw it aside. It is a dreadful habit for

any one to form, yet we sometimes see boys making cigarettes or getting hold of cigars to smoke them. They want to imitate many of the Gentiles, and those of the "Mormons" who indulge in this habit. How foolish it is for boys to do so; let them attempt to smoke tobacco or to use it in any form, and it will not be long before they become slaves to it, and they will find it very difficult to do without it. No boy who calls himself a Latter-day Saint should ever touch tobacco. God has said it is not good for man, and very few ever use it without at first feeling very sick; it produces vomiting and great distress. The writer very well recollects, when quite a small boy, having a piece of tobacco given him by one of his schoolmates to chew. He had seen men chew it without any ill effects that he could perceive, and he supposed that he could chew it also. Before he could get out of school he vomited violently, and became so sick that he had to be carried home. That piece of tobacco came very near killing him. This is the effect it nearly always has on a beginner. There is a poison in tobacco so strong that a single drop of it is sufficient to kill a dog; one drop applied to the tongue of a cat brought on convulsions, and in two minutes killed it. This science has proved, so that science agrees with the Lord in declaring tobacco unfit for man's use to smoke, chew, or snuff. Let us advise you, children, never be persuaded to use it.

JOHN Randolph was an eminent statesman from Virginia, and was, for very many years, a leading member of Congress. His father died when he was an infant, but his mother early taught him to read and impressed on his mind the best lessons. He was of a very excitable nature and was subject to fits of passion. His body was frail but his temper was violent. In his childhood he slept with his widowed mother; each night before retiring to bed he repeated, on his knees before her, his prayers; each morning, kneeling in the bed, he put up his little hands in prayer in the same manner. Years past away, and he grew up to manhood; he became a sceptic; that is, he denied all religion, did not believe in God, gloried in his unbelief and was proud of his ingenuity in proving that there was no God. Prayer never crossed his mind but in scorn; but the effect of his mother's early teachings never were forgotten; they clung to him through his life, and he acknowledged before he died that the lessons which his mother taught him were of more value to him than all that he had ever learned from his teachers and his associates in the great world. This illustrates very forcibly the effect of early training; how careful parents should be to train their children in the way of truth and righteousness, to teach them to pray, to be virtuous, to be truthful, to be honest, to fear God; for if these lessons are impressed upon them daily in their childhood and youth, they are rarely, if ever, forgotten.

[For the *Juvenile Instructor*.

THE BEE-HIVE.

SSSSM! Summm! Buzzz! goes our little bee again. Now, look here, little one, where have you been all this while? The printer has been after me three or four times for a new story, and I have been waiting for you, to see what you have gathered up for our hive. I wonder what is the matter with that bee to-day, he looks so much like a sage, and so very learned, as if he had been in the temple of Sais and had seen the veiled statue of truth, itself. Let us have it by all means, and hurry up, for we are all waiting.

Just as I thought! Something from the classic times of ancient Greece again; and this time about the other one

of the two most prominent cities of that celebrated nation—of Athens. Here is the story:

DEMOSTHENES,

OR

PERSEVERANCE CONQUERS ALL.

For several centuries previous to the period of our story, the people of Athens, in Northern Greece, had stood foremost among all nations in learning, philosophy, refined manners, architecture, painting, poetry and all other fine arts; and especially in the art of elocution. And, indeed, in the latter so much so, that in their common schools great pains were taken with the children, to have them trained in pronouncing their language correctly, fluently and harmoniously, so that it was said by the other Grecians, to be like music to hear an Athenian talk.

There happened to be among them a youth of a very ambitious turn of mind, who aspired to become a great orator, and who after having for some years devoted himself with great energy to the study of the sciences, suddenly appeared upon the market-place of Athens, where the citizens were in the habit of congregating daily to listen to their orators and public speakers. Every one had the privilege of speaking, who considered himself capable of doing so on any subject he thought appropriate. Our young friend, Demosthenes by name, by virtue of this common privilege got up, as before mentioned, and commenced his speech on some subject of his own choosing. Being naturally rather vain, he had previously taken the precaution, to have his intention to speak extensively circulated throughout the town, in order to have as large a crowd of listeners as possible, and so get his name up all at once.

He began. Soon smiles were seen flitting across the countenances of the audience, which ere long exploded in loud laughter here and there. Demosthenes, in order not to be put down by some few envious rivals, as he supposed, put on more style and vehemence; which, however, had an effect entirely different from that intended; for soon the people got angry at him, and commenced, amidst peals of laughter, to bombard him with rotten eggs, cabbages, apples and other missiles, thus compelling him to leave the stand, under the hooting and derisive shouting of the multitude, in great disgrace.

Heart-broken and confounded he shut himself up in his house, wondering all the time, why his beautiful speech, as he certainly took it to be, had been thus depreciated by the people. In this disconsolate state of mind he was found by one of his friends, a play-actor, who succeeded in enlightening him about the causes of his oratorial defeat. It turned out, that our friend had in his speaking, contracted quite a number of habits which were very obnoxious to the Athenians, who were very fastidious in such matters. They consisted of an unclear and mumbling kind of pronounciation of the vowels, and a constant repetition of sounds, syllables, words and even sentences, of all of which faults our would be orator himself, seemed to have been entirely unconscious. As soon, however, as young Demosthenes, had been convinced by his friend of the existence of these things, he did not despair, as many others would have done, in such a position, but resolved to persevere in conquering these drawbacks to his fame. The course he pursued, to improve himself, was quite original. He shaved off all the hair on one side of his head, by this means voluntarily compelling himself to avoid all society, as such an appearance would have exposed him to severe ridicule among the people. He then repaired to a lonesome place at the sea shore, purposing to continue there his various exercises until his hair could grow again. Here he wrote down many speeches, committed them to memory and commenced

reciting them ; but as soon as he made the least repetition, if even only of one sound, he started afresh from the beginning, and never tasted food or drink until he had got thus through one entire piece.

As his attention had been called by his friend to the ridiculous contortions of face he was in the habit of making, when speaking, he stood, while reciting, before a mirror, and as soon as he observed the least improper motion in his face he punished himself at once by a repetition from the head of his lesson. But that was not all ; he had got also into the habit of jerking continually his right shoulder up and down, when he got warmed up with his subject ; and in order to get rid of that, he had a sword hanging from the ceiling with the sharp point just touching his shoulder, so that whenever he jerked, down went the sword into his flesh. He submitted to this torture, until he had overcome the cause of the inflection.

Quite interesting was his mode to accustom himself to clear and loud speaking. He started, for this purpose, from the foot of a hill near the sea shore, where the noise of the breaking waves were calculated to drown any man's voice, to walk to the top at a vigorous pace, all the time reciting his verses. And to make the exercise still more difficult he carried a little pebble in his mouth. He had a servant walk several paces behind him, and listen to his words ; when the latter did not clearly understand one of his words, he was instructed to call out, and his master quietly returned to the foot of the hill and recommenced his laborious task. These various studies he pursued until he had accomplished, to his satisfaction, what he had undergone so many hardships for.

Half a year after his first and lamentable speech, it was given out throughout the city that young Demosthenes was going to hold forth again and crowds of people flocked to the market-place, expecting heaps of fun, having provided themselves with big quantities of rotten eggs and similar objects, to throw upon the wretched speaker, who dared to insult the refined Athenians through his absurdities. All were ready, and admonishing one another not to commence throwing too soon, that they might have their fun out first, when Demosthenes arose before the assembled thousands of his fellow citizens, who had gathered in the expectation of humbling him, that he should be undone for ever.

His voice rang out clear and beautiful over the wide market-place, and the waiting smile on the countenances of the people died away. He spoke to his countrymen of the indignities they had suffered from their enemies, and the eggs, apples and other missiles commenced dropping unnoticed to the ground. He spoke to them of the virtues of their fathers and the glory of their country, which threatened to pass away, and the tears began to flow down the faces of those, who had assembled in the spirit of the utmost frivolity. But when the speaker began to show them the course to pursue, to exhort them to show themselves worthy of their country and to appeal to the noblest feelings of their souls, that they might arouse and make Athens once more what it ought to be among the nations of Greece, the multitude could withstand no longer. The emotions that had been rising gradually ever since Demosthenes had been speaking, had attained now such a force and light, and filled the hearts of the vast assemblage to such an extent, that they broke forth like a mountain torrent, carrying with it everything in its way. One cry and shout arose from the people, which resounded throughout the whole city, and a rush was made to the stand of the speaker, whence he was carried upon the shoulders of the enthusiastic crowd in triumph through the city.

Demosthenes was now the king of hearts among the Athenians. By his powerful word he ruled, for years and years, that fickle people, rushing them into wars, and checking their ardor, when he had concluded upon peace. And so great became his power, that even the mighty king of Macedon treated him like a potentate. The fame of Demosthenes, as an orator, has scarcely been reached by any other man in any country or at any other time. Thus did this man illustrate to us the truth of the old saying.

"Perseverance conquers all."

K. G. M.

Biography.

JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.

GOVERNOR Ford, in a book which he wrote concerning the "Mormons," says, that the intelligence of the assassination of Joseph and Hyrum perfectly astounded him ; and he anticipated the very worst consequences from that deed. He acknowledges, however, that he expected that the jail would be attacked, but not until the day after it was attacked. This admission proves very clearly that he knew concerning the measures of the mob to assassinate the prisoners. It may be that the mobbers did not tell him of their plans ; they may have deceived him as to the hour or time when they would attack the jail. His own writing conveys this idea ; and it may be correct. But he knew enough of the plan to be very culpable for not taking measures to prevent the murders. He expressed his belief that the murderers of Joseph and Hyrum seized the opportunity to kill them while he was absent at Nauvoo, with the idea, that the people of Nauvoo, upon hearing of the murder of Joseph and Hyrum, would kill him. It may be that this was a part of the plan of the mob ; for such scoundrels have no honor, and they knew very well that if the Governor should be killed at Nauvoo, the whole State would be aroused, and the Latter-day Saints would be murdered or driven from the country. The Governor declares, in his book, his belief that his destruction was meditated as well as that of the Mormons, and that the Anti-Mormon party had forfeited his confidence and his command of them by their mutiny and treachery. He acknowledged in his book that the Mormons had been represented to him as a lawless, infatuated and fanatical people, and he expected that they would immediately take arms and wage war against the people of the surrounding country. When he reached Quincy, he thought himself safe, and issued orders for raising a large body of men, to defend him and the people against the expected attack of the "Mormons ;" but, though the indignation of the Saints was very great, and thousands of them would gladly have died to avenge the cruel murder of those men whom they loved better than their own lives, still the counsels which they had received from Doctor Richards and Elder Taylor, restrained them and their great grief found vent in floods of tears. Strong men wept as probably they never did before. All felt that they had lost their best friends, and such mourning and

heart-felt sorrow prevailed as are but rarely witnessed among any people.

The death of Joseph and Hyrum was a dreadful blow to the people. They had felt towards Joseph as we imagine the disciples of Jesus, when he was upon the earth, felt towards him. You recollect that when the Savior was crucified two of them said: "We trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel." They had expected Joseph would live to lead the people until Zion should be redeemed. They were fully aware of the hatred of the mob, of the blood-thirsty disposition which Joseph's enemies had towards him; but he had escaped so many times from their traps that they hoped he would escape again as he had in times past. They knew his innocence of every charge brought against him, and they had confidence that no court could, with the least degree of fairness, convict him of any wrong doing. The thought of his being killed by his enemies had not entered into the minds of the majority of the people, the news of his death, therefore, fell upon them with stunning and overwhelming effect, and they were almost crushed by the dreadful intelligence. Oh, how dark and gloomy was that day at Nauvoo. The night after the murder, and before the word had come from Carthage, was one of horror to many. Numbers arose from sleepless couches to go forth and relate to their neighbor the singular feelings they had through the night. But when they emerged from their dwellings and heard the dreadful tidings that Joseph and Hyrum had been slain, that John Taylor had been desperately wounded and Willard Richards had barely escaped, the cheeks of all were blanched, and the breath suspended, as they listened to the tale of horror. It was too horrible to believe that lives of such purity had been quenched in blood. The wailings and lamentations of the whole people ascended to heaven on that day.

On the day of the murder of the Prophet and Patriarch those of the Twelve Apostles who were on missions, as well as other elders, had warnings that something dreadful had happened. They felt cast down and a spell of horror seemed to rest upon them. Some wept without knowing why they should do so, except that they were filled with unaccountable sadness and gloom. The succeeding night was a miserable one to them. When they received the news of the death of Joseph and Hyrum the cause of these feelings was explained, though it was difficult then for several of them to believe that they were dead.

Those of our readers who have read this Biography from the commencement are acquainted with all the details of Joseph's life, so with many incidents of Hyrum's life. They have read about Joseph's boyhood, his search for the truth, his faith in going unto God to obtain knowledge of the plan of salvation, his willingness to embrace it when it was revealed to him, his courage in maintaining it when opposed on every hand, though but an inexperienced and unlearned youth, his patience and fidelity in the midst of severe persecutions, his wisdom in spreading the truth, in gathering the people, in organizing and leading the Church, his unfaltering integrity and constancy when assailed by enemies of every kind and betrayed by false brethren, his tireless industry, his cheerful and undimmed spirit, and his life of purity and love. His was a life, as they have learned, if they have followed us in this Biography, which was one continued scene of good deeds and great sacrifices. Self-comfort, self-interest, so far as the things of this life were concerned, the good opinion of the world were all willingly and cheerfully laid aside by him for the cause of God and the welfare of the people. Every pulsation of his heart beat for

God, the truth and the salvation of the people. Oh, that the children who read this Biography would take his life for an example, imitate his faith, his humility, his love for God and man, his devotion to the truth, his fearlessness in clinging to and upholding the right, his firmness and his perfect obedience in doing the will of God! If they will do so, their lives will be great and useful in the sight of God and man, and their eternal reward will be sure. If they will do so, how ample will be our reward for the time we have spent in writing the incidents of this great and noble life!

PENNY POSTAGE.

*From "TRIUMPHS OF INVENTION AND DISCOVERY."—
Published by T. Nelson & Sons, London.*

THE growth of the postal system is a sure measure of the progress of industry, commerce, education, and all that goes to make up the sum of civilization; and there is no more striking illustration to be found of the strides which our country has made in that direction since the century began than the introduction of a cheap and rapid delivery of letters, and the craving which it has at once satisfied and augmented. Nothing gives us so forcible an idea of the difference between the Britain of the present day and the Britain of the Caroline or even of the Georgian period, than the contrast between the postal communication of those times and of our own. The itch for writing is now so strong in us, we are so constantly writing or receiving letters, our appetite for them is so ravenous, that we wonder how people got on in the days when the postman was the exclusive messenger of the king, and when even his majesty was so badly served that, as one old postmaster* wrote in self-exculpation of some delay, "when placards are sent (to order the immediate forwarding of some state despatches) the constables many times be fayne to take the horses out of plowes and cartes, wherein," he gravely adds, "can be no extreme diligence." It was a sure sign that the country was going ahead when Cromwell found it worth while to establish posts for the people at large, and was able to farm out the post office for £10,000 a year. The profits of that establishment were doubled by the time the Stuarts got back to the throne, and more than doubled again before the close of the seventeenth century. The country has kept on growing out of system after system, like a lad out of his clothes, and at different times has had new ones made to its measure. Brian Tuck's easy plan of borrowing farmer's horses to mount his emissaries on, gave place to regular relays of post-boys and post-horses; and, in course of time, when the robbery of the mails by sturdy highwaymen had become almost the rule, and their safe conveyance the exception, post-boys were in turn supplanted by a system of stage-coaches, conveyed by an armed guard. This was thought a great advance; and so it was. A pushing, zealous man named Palmer originated the scheme. Amidst many other avocations, he found time to travel on the outside of stage-coaches, for the sake of talking with the coachmen and observing the route, here, there, and everywhere all over England, and thus matured all the details of his plan from personal experience. "None but an enthusiast," said Sheridan in a rapture of admiration in the House of Commons, "could have conceived, none but an enthusiast could have practically entertained, none but an enthusiast could have carried out such a system."

Still, in spite of the exactitude with which Palmer's scheme was declared to fit the wants of the country, it soon began to be grown out like the rest. It became too short, too tight, too straitened every way, and impeded the circulation of correspondence,—no unimportant artery of our national system. The cost of postage was too high, the mode of delivery too slow, and the consequence was, that people either repressed their desire to write letters, or sent them through some cheaper and illegitimate channel. Sir Walter Scott knew a man who recollected

* Brian Tuke, master of the post to King Henry VIII.

the mail from London reaching Edinburg with only a single letter. Of all the millions of the modern Babylon only one solitary individual had got anything to say to anybody in the metropolis of the sister kingdom worth paying postage for. "We look back now," writes Miss Martineau, "with a sort of amazed compassion to the old crusading times, when warrior-husbands and their wives, grey-headed parents and their brave sons, parted with the knowledge that it must be months or years before they could hear of one another's existence. We wonder how they bore the depth of silence! And we feel the same now about the families of Polar voyagers. But, till a dozen years ago, it did not occur to many of us how like this was the fate of the largest class in our own country. The fact is, there was no full and free epistolary intercourse in that country, except between these who had the command of franks. There were few families in the wide middle class who did not feel the cost of postage a heavy item in their expenditure; and if the young people sent letters home only once a fortnight, the amount at the year's end was a rather serious matter. But it was the vast multitudes of the lower orders who suffered like the crusading families of old, and the geographical discoveries of all times. When once their families parted off from home it was a separation almost like that of death. The hundreds of thousands of apprentices, of shopmen, of governesses, of domestic servants, were cut off from family relations as if seas or deserts lay between them and home. If the shilling for each letter could be saved by the economy of weeks or months at first, the rarity of correspondence went on to increase the rarity; new interests hastened the dying out of old ones; and the ancient domestic affections were but too apt to wither away, till the wish for intercourse was gone. The young girl could not ease her heart by pouring out her cares and difficulties to her mother before she slept, as she can now, when the penny and the sheet of paper are the only condition of the correspondence. The young lad felt that a letter home was a serious and formal matter, when it must cost his parents more than any indulgence they ever thought of for themselves; and the old fun and light-heartedness were dropped off from such domestic intercourse as there was. The effect upon the morals of this kind of restraint is proved beyond a doubt by the evidence afforded in the army. It was a well-known fact, that in regiments where the commanding officer was kind and courteous about franking letters for the privates, and encouraged them to write as often as they pleased, the soldiers were more sober and manly, more virtuous and domestic in their affections, than where difficulty was made by the indolence or stiffness of the franking officer."

Under the costly postal system, the revenue of the post office did not, as it had hitherto done, and should have continued to do, keep pace with the progress of the country. The appetite for communication between distant friends or men of business was evidently either decaying, or finding vent in an unlawful way. The latter was chiefly the case. There were vast numbers of people separated from each other by long weary miles, too many to permit of visits, who could not resist writing to each other,—the doating parent to the child, the lover to his mistress, the merchant to his agents, the lawyer to his clients. Those who could not afford postage, were the very class who could not get franks; for the principle was, that those who could best afford postage money should have plenty of franks, which were, of course, quite out of the way of poor, humble folks,—the fat sow had her ear well greased, the lean, starving one had to consume her own fat, like the bear, or go without. The consequence was, that those who were eager to write and could not get letters through the post, found other means of forwarding them to the evasion of the law. There was no limit to the exercise of ingenuity in this direction. Three or four letters were written on one piece of paper, to be cut up and distributed separately by one of the recipients; newspapers were turned into letters by underscoring or pricking with a pin the letters required to form the various words of the communication; some peculiarity in the style of address on the outside was arranged between correspondents, the sight of which was enough to indicate a message, and the letter was turned away, having served its purpose; and so on, in a hundred other ways, fraudulent means were found of evading the law.

Some carriers had a large and profitable business in smuggling letters. In many populous districts the number of letters conveyed by carriers at a penny each in an illegal way far exceeded those sent through the post. In Manchester, for every letter that went by the postman, six went by the carrier; and in Glasgow the proportion was as one to ten. All this was notorious. The most honorable people saw no great harm in cheating the post to send a word of comfort or encouragement to an absent friend,—it was a vice that leant to virtue's side. But it was a bad thing for the country that people should be driven to such devices, in obeying a natural and proper impulse. The man who began by smuggling letters, might end by smuggling bobacco or brandy; and the system was morally pernicious. All felt the evil, but remedy seemed impossible. As the urgency for a change grew to a head, the man came to effect it,—a man "of open heart, who could enter into family impulses; a man of philosophical ingenuity, who could devise a remedial scheme; a man of business, who could fortify such a scheme with impregnable accuracy"—that man was Rowland Hill.

[For the *Juvenile Instructor*

Original Poetry.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

Brigham Young, the man we love!
 Matchless may his blessings prove!
 Health and life his words impart
 To each faithful Mormon heart.
 One of Heaven's most gifted Seers,
 Passing godlike he appears!
 With the flag of life unfurled,
 Seeking to redeem the world;
 Ever reasoning, pleading, he
 Fain would make the Nations free.
 In his more than giant strength
 Setting forth the truth at length,
 Sending agents everywhere,
 Gods last message to declare;
 Bringing home the poor, oppressed,
 Where alone is peace and rest!
 Where, as if by magic wand,
 Guided by his master hand,
 Wealth, outspreading far and wide,
 Health and happiness preside!
 Mighty men creation o'er,
 Heroes who have lived of yore,
 All their glory pales before
 Our Heaven-aided conqueror!
 Call us slaves, ye would-be great,
 Ours is far the better fate.
 Ye, professing to be free,
 Groan in chains of misery;
 We who know the gospel true,
 Every soul resolve anew
 To sustain, by act and tongue,
 Truth's great champion, Brigham Young.

ROLLO.

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